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# MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

# ROBERT M. A. HAWK

FEBRUARY 6TH 1883

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*Robt. M. A. Hawk.*

# MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

## LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

# ROBERT M. A. HAWK

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

U. S. 47th Cong., 1st Sess., 1881-1882

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JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the publication of the memorial addresses delivered upon the life and character of Honorable R. M. A. Hawk, of Illinois.

*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of Honorable Robert M. A. Hawk, late a Representative from the State of Illinois, together with a portrait of the deceased, nine thousand copies thereof for the use of the House of Representatives, and three thousand copies for the use of the Senate. And a sum sufficient to defray the expense of preparing and printing the portrait of the deceased for the publication herein provided for is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 24, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

# DEATH OF ROBERT M. A. HAWK.

## PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

*June* 30, 1882.

Mr. HENDERSON. Mr. Speaker, the sad duty is devolved upon me of announcing to the House the death of my late colleague, Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, a Representative in Congress from the fifth Congressional district of the State of Illinois. He died at his rooms in this city last night at the hour of ten o'clock and fifty minutes., p. m., after a very brief illness.

I will only say at this time that all of us who remember Major HAWK, as in his crippled condition he came into and went out of this Hall, will feel saddened at the announcement of his sudden death, and that at some future day the House will be asked to pay a proper tribute to his memory.

I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk, and ask for their adoption.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

*Resolved by the House of Representatives* (*the Senate concurring herein*), That a special joint committee, of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to their last resting place; and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the House communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Before the announcement of the result,

The SPEAKER said: The Chair has been furnished with the names of the following members to accompany the remains:

George R. Davis, of Illinois; Lewis E. Payson, of Illinois; Samuel W. Moulton, of Illinois; William H. Calkins, of Indiana; George C. Cabell, of Virginia; James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, and William Cullen, of Illinois.

The Chair will also state that the following members of the House will act as pall-bearers:

Thomas J. Henderson, of Illinois; James W. Singleton, of Illinois; Charles G. Williams, of Wisconsin; William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; William M. Springer, of Illinois; Dudley C. Haskell, of Kansas; George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts; Samuel S. Cox, of New York; J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, and John H. Lewis, of Illinois.

And then, in pursuance of the last resolution (at eleven o'clock and seventeen minutes a. m.), the House adjourned.

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IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
*February* 6, 1883.

Mr. HITT. The House by its special order set apart this hour for the consideration of resolutions expressive of its esteem for the late Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, and in order that his associates might have opportunity to pay fitting tributes to his character and memory. I therefore offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of this House from the State of Illinois.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect for his memory, the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated by the Clerk of the House to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That, as a further mark of respect, the House at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings shall adjourn.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

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## Address of Mr. HITT of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: During the present Congress death has many times arrested the intense and clamorous activity of this body by the announcement of the fall of one member after another. When that messenger passes by it is always solemnizing, but never so striking and so sad as when a man in the prime of life, in the fullness of his powers and promise, is suddenly cut down. We pause to-day by the grave of one who fell suddenly, his harness on, in the midst of labor and strength and hope, to honor his memory with fitting ceremony, to record on the Journals of the House and express by friendly voices the large measure of esteem in which he was held.

At such a moment we naturally turn back to the story and lesson of his life. I will not dwell upon his career as a legislator in this body. You saw it; you know it well. At the mention of his name every one here recalls the tall, manly form of Major HAWK, sitting erect and attentive in his place or moving haltingly and heavily on his canes and the one leg that battle had left him, his frank, earnest face, his clear, kindly eye, his courteous bearing, his full beard just turning to gray, his sincere, decided tone of voice.

His life was terminated so abruptly that it seems a story half told; but it is a career of real interest, showing at each step the growth of a strong, well-rounded, admirable character.

ROBERT MOFFETT ALLISON HAWK was born April 23, 1839, on a farm near Greenfield, in Hancock County, Indiana, where his parents had recently come from Abingdon, Virginia. His mother was of Scotch-Irish blood, that vigorous element which has furnished so much of strength and directing energy to the American people. She was the daughter of Captain Moffett, an Indian fighter, and

her grandfather was killed at the battle of the Great Kanawha. Major HAWK inherited the soldierly instinct. The father was an intelligent, energetic, industrious, highly respected man.

The little family had lived there near seven years, and three children had been born to them, when the mother died. Mr. Hawk soon after removed with his children to Illinois, and settled in Carroll County, where he married his second wife, and where they are now living. Their long lives have been peaceful and happy; many children have blessed their home. Of old Mr. Hawk's fourteen sons and daughters nine are living to minister with affection to the advancing years of the patriarch.

The infancy and growing years of ROBERT HAWK were passed in the healthful surroundings of farm life in a new country. That little county of Carroll, in Northwestern Illinois, now all covered with farms, was in those early days a region of wild, swelling prairies of singular beauty, breaking away westward toward the Mississippi River, its border, into great ridges, and crossed here and there by lines of grove bordering the streams. All who visited that country in its first unpeopled freshness were charmed with the landscape and the rich promise of its coming years, promise already in large part fulfilled. The settlers were of an excellent class, sterling men and women, intelligent, brave, large-hearted, laborious, and honoring labor—so far-seeing that they built schools and churches before they changed their log cabins into better houses. He had the training of such schools, the precepts and example of good parents, the wholesome influence of home, and the simple life of a new country. By them his character was fashioned.

At sixteen he taught for a time in one of the common schools. Habits of study and industry were early formed. He worked on the farm, seizing every opportunity for study, preparing for college—the fruitful dream of so many a farmer boy. At last, after long effort and delay and diligent application, he was ready; and in September, 1861, he entered Eureka College, in Woodford County, Illinois.

But 1861 was not a favorable year for scholastic meditations or pursuits. It was the opening, the arming hour of the war. The drum-beat of that memorable epoch disturbed the studies and fired

the souls of how many thousands of students! Remember, too, young HAWK was now twenty-two years of age, a full-grown man, taller than those around him, of powerful frame, full of conscious strength. His upright mind, trained to principle, felt all the obligation of patriotic duty, and his heart responded in full sympathy to the lofty passion of the hour. He tried hard to keep to his studies, but after a few months more, when the reverses to the Union armies in 1862 brought President Lincoln's call for 300,000 more volunteers, he threw his books aside and left college forever. He reverently consulted his parents, and shall I mention another one still, and a dearer one, the star of his young heart, who bade him go, while she would wait till her hero came marching home. There was a touch of old-time chivalry in this martial lover's departure.

Throughout that summer of 1862 the whole of Northern Illinois was an animated, enthusiastic recruiting field. Every neighborhood was stirred with the profound excitement that pervaded the people. The young men from the farms, leaving the harvests ungathered; from the workshops, from the professions, from every class, formed themselves into companies. There were examples of devotion to the highest motives of man in almost every household. The companies poured into Rockford from a dozen counties and were there organized into regiments. In the company from Mount Carroll ROBERT HAWK went to Rockford in July, and they were soon organized, with others, into the Ninety-second Illinois Volunteers. They elected their company officers, and young HAWK was chosen first lieutenant.

No body of men superior to them in the finest qualities that make an intelligent soldiery went into the great volunteer army of citizens, and an election by their choice was high evidence of personal worth.

In September the regiment departed for the field, going to Kentucky, where they formed part of General Baird's division. Throughout the remainder of that year they were almost incessantly marching in various operations in Kentucky. It is said that they marched nearly eight hundred miles in that time.

Lieutenant HAWK was soon noted for his fine soldierly bearing, his attention to duty, the intelligence with which he learned the art of war and adapted himself to camp life. At Winchester and at Danville he showed the coolness and courage of the soldier at the right moment.

In January he was promoted to be captain. Soon after the regiment went by steamer to Fort Donelson, which was in a critical position and hard pressed, the attacking force being led by the honorable gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wheeler], whose active, able spirit was as manifest then as here in these happier, peaceful days of debate. The spring was taken up with operations near Franklin, where they formed part of Gordon Granger's corps. In June they were engaged about Trianna and in the defense of that place, then at Shelbyville and Wartrace, where, by order of General Rosecrans, and to their great satisfaction, they were attached to Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry. Thus transformed, a new and far more active life began, and during all the rest of the war they were almost incessantly in movement. Over the mountains they went into the Tennessee Valley, back to the river, on toward Ringgold, where Captain HAWK, with two companies, repulsed a body of the enemy, superior in force, who had attacked a teamsters' camp. In the operations before and beyond Chattanooga they were ever in advance or doing other duty belonging to this arm of the service.

At Chickamauga Captain HAWK, with his company, was on courier duty and served at the headquarters of general Rosecrans throughout that terrible battle, carrying messages to various parts of the field. "When the right of the army was crushed the general, followed by Major HAWK and his reserve of Company C, dashed along the broken lines, amid shot and shell, endeavoring to rally the retreating mass, but it was like attempting to stay the ocean's tide by throwing pebbles in its way." These are the words in which the scene was described by an officer of the regiment who was an eye-witness.

He continued on courier duty under General Thomas until December, when he rejoined the regiment at Caperton's Ferry. In

the spring they were placed in Kilpatrick's cavalry and were thereafter under that restless and gallant commander.

In the engagement at Tunnel Hill Captain HAWK was remarked for coolness and efficiency. They were in frequent combats throughout the Atlanta campaign; they took part in the march after Hood; and then came Sherman's march to the sea, one of the most fascinating chapters in military history. The cavalry, protecting the front, flanks, and rear of the advancing army of four great infantry columns through a hostile country, was ever in motion. Captain HAWK showed peculiar skill in some of these operations. They were in many minor engagements, at Powder River, at Waynesborough, and other places in the Carolinas; but I pass on to the last I shall mention, April 10, 1865, in North Carolina, when they were just touching upon the end of the war. They were pressing the enemy when they came to Swift Creek, not far from Raleigh, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The bridge had been partially destroyed, and the enemy held the opposite side. Three companies crossed the stream wading. The bridge was repaired. The remainder of the regiment crossed. Just then an officer rode up from the rear, bringing the news of Lee's surrender. The lines resounded with exulting shouts of joy. But the enemy, holding an earthwork on the hills opposite, had lost nothing of their oft-tried courage, and charged the advance companies, who were driven back; but the main body of the regiment checked them and made a counter-charge, driving the enemy up the hill and out of their first line of works. Between their first and second line of rifle-pits the Ninety-second halted to reform, and Captain HAWK, as he rode before the line rallying the men to stand firm, fell just as the bugle sounded the advance, pierced by a terrible wound from a minie-ball, which cut the iliac artery and passed out near the center of the abdomen. The mist gathered over his eyes as he heard the victorious shouts of his men, who swept by where he lay, sinking, apparently dying.

Surgeon Helm, who was close at hand, was by his side in a few moments. In a recent statement he thus describes his condition:

> The blood was spouting from him in large quantities, so much so that I thought he would certainly bleed to death. Very soon he fainted; and it is

here that the surgical peculiarities of the case come in. He remained in that faint two or three minutes, so long, indeed, that I supposed he was dying; but had it not been for that faint it would have been impossible to have saved him; he would not have survived three minutes. While in that condition the action of his heart was so nearly stopped that the blood almost ceased to circulate and gave time for a clot of blood to form around the wound in the torn iliac artery, thus preventing further hemorrhage. I do not suppose there is another case of that kind anywhere; and this made the matter one of interest to the entire medical fraternity.

The wounded officer was tenderly carried to a neighboring house and afterward to hospital. The circulation was cut off from the right leg, which began to mortify and was amputated. Slowly and through long anguish he recovered, until at last his venerable father, who had come to his side, took him home. His family greeted his pale and wasted face with tears of joy and pity; and she who for anxious years had faithfully kept the vigil of love for her returning hero now welcomed him back. In July following they were married. For seventeen years, to the end of his life, that accomplished and cultivated lady presided with grace and dignity over the hospitalities of their beautiful home at Mount Carroll, encouraging and aiding him in his incessant labors; and many honorable members, his colleagues, who have met her in this city will share in the sympathy due to her grief as she sits to-day with her fatherless children in their sorrow-stricken house.

The grateful people of his county elected him that same year to the post of county clerk. As he became more widely known he was more and more esteemed, and again and again, and yet again they re-elected him. He was an efficient and accommodating public officer, laborious and punctual. I have been told that such was his system and industry that while performing all the duties of this position he found opportunity for a course of legal study. He resigned in 1877 to accept a seat in the Forty-sixth Congress, to which he had been chosen by the people of the fifth Congressional district. He was again elected to the Forty-seventh Congress, and last year, just as the convention was about to assemble to renominate him for another term, they received the telegram of his sudden death, June 29, and adjourned for his funeral. He died in mid-career.

Mr. Speaker, the gentlemen of this House who accompanied his remains from here to their last resting place at his home will not forget the vast throng who came by thousands to manifest their sorrow for their beloved neighbor and friend and representative.

He was a man of many friends. He made every one his friend by unconsciously showing in every word and act how worthy he was of friendship, how pure his mind, how gentle his heart.

A quiet man, without sensational brilliancy, his upright Christian character, vigorous sense, genuine honesty of soul, and strong, placid nature inspired confidence. He was trusted most by those who knew him best. No men ever had a better opportunity to know another than the soldiers of his regiment had to know him. In the fiery furnace of war, in the daily life of the camp, marching and fighting, man beside man, for months and years, the whole nature is brought out, every side is shown, and if the man is not genuine it will be discovered. They can not make a mistake in estimating him. Their love and respect for Major HAWK were unbounded. Last summer at their annual reunion the joy of that festal day was mingled with general sorrow, expressed in a hundred touching ways, for their comrade so recently gone, and words of regret and of praise were on every lip.

He was truly representative—the type of what our country produces in numberless instances—a home-bred American boy rising with years into increasing strength as new responsibilities and new honors came to him, a self-reliant man who set no traps to catch success, but went straight on in his plain duty. His faculties were equal to his opportunities; and his whole life, from the time he left school until his death, was passed in the public service—military or civil—everywhere with fidelity and zeal.

He never lost his simple manners, and he was guided by the clear common sense of the plain citizen. His convictions were earnest; his reasoning direct. His conversation was pleasant, flowing on in a vein of good sense and good humor, warmed with a genial spirit, and was always fitting. In any company he was self-possessed, at ease, and dignified, and his dignity was not lessened by an amiability which was natural to him. His courteous regard for others was not

a mere habit to conciliate or attract supporters, but arose from sterling goodness of heart. Of a cheerful disposition and a spirit averse to hates, his frank face was always pleasant to look upon. The people of his district held him in affection. When he came into a village his appearance brought a group of friends about the lame soldier, and you could trace him through the town at a glance by the circle that surrounded him.

As a member of this House he made no pretensions to leadership, but he was always at his post, and not only regular in attendance, but careful in attention to the business of legislation. During the first session of this Congress I often saw him, and I admired the direct, prompt manner in which he dispatched business here and at the Departments. As a speaker his remarks on the floor were not so frequent as to make them common, but were practical and thoughtful, and were listened to with much respect. In committees, those great laboratories where so large a part of legislation is done, where errors and crudities are searched out and pruned away, and each provision of a proposed law adjusted to the others and to existing law, he was a conscientious, judicious worker, examining every phase of a subject with patient care. In his own affairs he was an excellent business man, and he brought the methods of business to public interests.

He understood all the feelings of the laboring class. His own life was one of labor. He knew the value of a day's work. He mingled with the working world, and sympathized with poverty and hope struggling for better things. He knew what it was to pass a long day under the summer sun in farm work; what it was to write twelve hours a day in an office. Yet he was more than a laborer; he appreciated those qualities in strong, sagacious minds by which they can combine and direct others, and lead great enterprises to success. He studied the wants of all impartially in framing legislation, but his heart inclined instinctively to the great multitude who can not come to Washington and plead their cause before committees—the people at large, upon whom the law must operate.

In promoting the interests of his constituents he was watchful and loyal to them first. He represented a district where there is

much independent political thought and intelligent criticism, and he satisfied the demands of locality without sacrificing his convictions on national interest and the fairly balanced claims of every section. In the daily work of caring for the numberless inquiries, wants, and applications of his people, his work was arduous and faithful. I remember to have read a letter from him in which he remarked at the close, "This is the fifty-sixth letter I have written to-day." Between applicants upon whose claims he had to pass he tried earnestly to be fair, studied each case anxiously, lest by some mistake in judgment or imperfect information he might do injustice to some worthy man. Every member here knows how often this duty falls upon a Representative and how delicate and difficult a task it sometimes is.

He satisfied his constituents—no easy task, for that Galena district had been accustomed to being represented by men of national reputation, Baker, Washburne, Burchard, with whom he would be compared. But the people appreciated his solid qualities, his worth, his faithful services. They trusted and honored him again and again, and when he was cut off so untimely they mourned his death as a personal sorrow.

In the cemetery hard by that picturesque town of Mount Carroll, on a hillside of lawn, and scattered trees, and flower-beds that brighten graves, he was buried, and there on the spot where the maimed soldier, his last march finished, has laid down in the bivouac of the dead, friendly and loving care has erected a monument, high, massive, pure, like the stainless man who sleeps beneath, to commemorate his name. Even more durable than the century-defying stone is the work of a true life, and this plain, earnest man whom we honor to-day did that work well as a citizen whose influence was always on the side of right, as a soldier who gave all and suffered much, as a public officer ever faithful, as a legislator wise and careful, as a Christian devout in his heart and exemplary in his walk before God and man until he was taken to a life beyond life.

## Address of Mr. SHERWIN, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death's pale flag has been planted in our midst many times during the last year. Out from this busy arena it has led us once, twice, thrice, yes, many times, and shown us glimpses of the endless hereafter and beyond. Its somber folds float over us at this hour. It emphasizes the perishableness of human life. It suggests the littleness and futility of ambition. We are ready to exclaim as we sit in its shadow, "How frail we are!"

Last Wednesday this House honored itself in honoring the memory of Mr. Orth. Saturday last it pronounced its eulogies upon Mr. Lowe, and to-day we suspend the business of the nation to do honor to the names and characters of two more of our associates—UPDEGRAFF and HAWK. They were both known to us by their constant attendance upon the sessions of the House, by their careful attention to its business, by their zeal and conscientious discharge of all their public duties.

Mr. HAWK was a man whom to know was to respect and love. His friends were attracted to him so strongly that they never fell away, and to-day I think of him as my friend, warm, generous, and true. I cannot think of him as a member of this House alone—his position is lost in the contemplation of his social qualities.

I never saw Mr. HAWK until we met here at the first session of the Forty-sixth Congress. He represented that district so long ably represented here by Mr. E. B. Washburne, and afterward by the distinguished gentleman, the present Director of the Mint. The home of General Grant and others distinguished in military and civil life were in his district and in the county adjoining the one in which he resided. That district comprises one of the most intelligent and prosperous communities in Illinois or the whole land. It is filled with churches, schools, and public libraries. It contains many prosperous towns and its agricultural resources are without limit.

It was in such a country, among such a people, near the banks of the Father of Waters, that Mr. HAWK grew up to manhood and

resided until his death. He was born in the State of Indiana, of parents who were originally from Virginia, but removed to Illinois when Mr. HAWK was but a mere lad. He was brought up upon his father's farm in Carroll County, and received his education in the common schools of the neighborhood and at Eureka College, where he took a partial course. His education was not completed when the war broke out. In common with the tens of thousands of stalwart young men of the country, he left all to follow the flag. His was not the wild impulse of blind, unthinking enthusiasm, but the cool, earnest deliberation of a young patriot who had mastered the history of his country, who believed that the hopes of the world were bound up with our Constitution and our laws, and that it was a duty which every man owed to such a country to be ready to die for it when the time should come. He laid aside his books, he surrendered his plans of life, and stepped into the ranks as a private soldier, saying, "Ask of me what thou wilt and I will dare."

He rose to the rank of captain in his regiment, the Ninety-sixth Illinois, and was frequently in command of a battalion and intrusted with the execution of movements which required great vigor and sagacity as well as bravery, and in every place he acquitted himself with honor and with entire satisfaction to his superior officers. For these services he was brevetted a major in his regiment. He had gone through all the war without receiving any bodily injury until almost the very last day that any fighting was done, when he received a wound in his leg which caused its amputation. He sealed his country's triumph with his blood. Henceforth he was to go through life maimed. He accepted his fortune with manliness and after a long time of suffering in the hospital returned to his home. He was at once placed by the citizens of his county in the office of county clerk, a position which he continued to hold until he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress. He was renominated by his party to the Forty-seventh Congress without opposition, and had he lived one day longer would have been renominated for the Forty-eighth Congress, as the convention had been called to meet the day after his death and the primaries had instructed for him.

In his service here he was always governed by the highest and

purest motives. He gave all his time and all his strength to the performance of his duties. He studied the questions before the House with conscientious care, and having formed his judgments followed them implicity. He never posed for effect. He was sincere in all his acts and thoughts—a hater of cant and pretense. In all matters affecting the pensioners of the Government he took a great interest. His sympathies for those disabled in the service of the country were active and constant, and yet restrained by moderation. He was indefatigable in the performance of all his Department duties. No labor was too great which seemed to be demanded by his constituents. The most trivial matters of this character were attended to with the same care bestowed upon the more important.

Mr. HAWK did not escape detraction. Although he was a man of the highest motives and most honorable in all his intercourse with men, he was assaulted by slander and defamation of the most violent kind, but he overcame his assailants and his triumph was assured. No one can fully know, Mr. Speaker, how much he suffered from these assaults. He was extremely sensitive, and such charges caused him more pain than the gunshots of an enemy; but his sufferings were buried in his own bosom and were only known as they were accidentally revealed. Political life was not pleasant to him. He intended to retire from it at the close of his third term and devote himself to the education of his family and the enjoyment of his home. All the pride of his life was centered in that home. All his hopes of worldly happiness clustered around it. His was a Christian's life. For many years he had belonged to the church called Christian, and in every walk of life had followed its teachings consistently. He was one of the building committee of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church in this city. His private life was illuminated by Christian truth, and was as pure as a child's. He was devoid of all envy and selfishness, all unworthy ambition. I can say of him as Charles Lamb said of another:

> From all self-seeking, envy, low design,
> I have not found a whiter soul than thine.

We buried him at sunset in the cemetery of the village where he was known so well. His neighbors, for many miles in all direc-

tions, came with sad and sorrowing faces to pay their tribute of tears to his memory. The aged grandfathers who had known him from his boyhood were there. The comrades who had marched and fought with him were there. The associates of his later life were there, and even the children of the village joined their lamentations with those of his nearest friends. There we left him, our brother and our friend, with the peace of God in all his looks.

Let the lifeless body rest;
He is gone who was its guest—
Gone, as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.
Traveler, in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

## Address of Mr. ROSECRANS, of California.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is the office of personal friendship to speak of him in his private life; of political associates to tell of him as he appeared among them, faithful to his convictions, generous, tolerant of their opinions, firm in the maintenance of his own.

The few words I have to speak in memory of our deceased colleague will be as a comrade of the Union Army and as the commander under whom he served in the Army of the Cumberland.

An old English poet says:

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

* * * * *

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

But what this poet says of the leveler Death is measurably true of all great and transcendent human interests, in comparison with which those of the individual dwarf into insignificance. Such a transcendent fact was the war for the maintenance of the unity of this nation, in the presence of which the soldier and the officer, the private and the general became comrades in the common cause.

The muses of poetry and of history, imparting their lessons by instance, example, impress all our minds with the idea that heroism is a natural endowment and inheres in the person of the hero. But whoever will reflect on his own experience of what impresses him and compare it with what he knows of others and of heroes in history will find that true herosim lies in domination over ordinary human motives on account of something believed to be greater and better.

The degree of the heroism depends on the extent to which the action overpasses and dominates ordinary motives, interest, and passions, and the greatness of the object for which these sacrifices are made.

Mankind finds something heroic in the endurance of labor and of suffering, even for future personal advantage and renown, but a still higher degree of it when that endurance and labor are for the good of others or for the love of truth in science or in art.

Greater still do we regard the heroism of him who perils life to save the lives of others.

When the storm howls over the face of the ocean; when the fierce waves, like devouring demons, assault the passenger-laden ship off some inhospitable coast; when they breach the walls which protect the lives of all on board, whose heart does not beat with admiration to see the frail life-saving boat and crew start through

the storm and waves into the jaws of death to save imperiled passengers and crew?

But if such heroic acts command unreserved admiration, what measure of it shall be given to those men who, unskilled and untrained to arms, went to save our ship of state from wreck, and all the hopes it bore—the hopes of fifty millions of people, the hopes of their posterity for unborn generations, and of the liberty-seeking millions of all the world for all coming time—staked on the success of this great and peculiar experiment to demonstrate the practicability of self-government in the world.

In the presence of a work so great all minor heroisms dwindle into insignificance, and all actors in it, whether of lofty or of humble rank, become comrades in the grand army engaged in a common cause of such immeasurable grandeur.

In this sense our deceased colleague and I were comrades. Young, tall, handsome, of a noble, generous nature, he early responded to his country's call for defenders, and while with me had become a captain in the Ninety-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in the Army of the Cumberland, and rendered arduous, brave, gallant, and effective service, the details of which are told by others. He was on courier duty with his command during the campaign of Chattanooga, and at my headquarters during the bloody but to us glorious field of Chickamauga, which stemmed the hostile tide and gave us Chattanooga, the objective of our campaign. He did his duty nobly at the head of his command; was with me at the point and moment of supreme danger in the battle. More words might be said, but could higher eulogy be pronounced on him or on any of all the brave men who served in such a cause? God bless them, each and all! Living may they be honored and blessed by all who live beneath the flag, and dying be regretted as he is regretted over whose death we are now expressing our sorrowful respect.

## Address of Mr. HENDERSON, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: I regret that I am not better prepared to speak of the life and character of my late friend and colleague, Major ROBERT M. A. HAWK, than I am to-day. I had met Major HAWK before he was elected a member of this body, and had a somewhat slight but pleasant acquaintance with him; but I was not then and am not now familiar with his early history, and will therefore not attempt to speak of his early life further than to say that he was a native of Hancock County, in the State of Indiana, and emigrated with his father's family at an early age to Carroll County, in the State of Illinois, in which last State he was educated at Eureka College.

Major HAWK was a soldier in the late war. When twenty-three years of age he enlisted as a volunteer, and on the 4th day of September, 1862, was mustered into the service of the United States as a first lieutenant in the Ninety-second Regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in which capacity he served until the 23d day of March, 1863, when he was promoted to the office of captain, and served as such until the 21st day of June, 1865, at which time, having served nearly three years, he was mustered out of the service. Of the conduct of Major HAWK while in the service as an officer and soldier I have no personal knowledge. I know he was wounded in an engagement with the enemy near Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 10th day of April, 1865, from which wound he lost his right leg, and that he was brevetted a major for soldierly conduct on that occasion.

I know also that every pulsation of his heart beat with patriotic devotion for his country; that he loved this great Republic with a love as deep and strong as the love of his own life, which he periled for its preservation and perpetuation; and from his reputation and my knowledge now of his character I have no hesitation in saying that he was during his service a brave, faithful, and efficient officer and soldier.

On his return from the Army to civil life Major HAWK was elected clerk of the county court of Carroll County, where he had lived from boyhood. In that office he served the people so acceptably and with such fidelity and ability that he was three times successively re-elected, and he held the office until in 1878, when he was nominated and elected a member of the Forty-sixth Congress from the fifth Congressional district of Illinois. Having been re-elected in 1880 as a member of the Forty-seventh Congress, he held a seat in this body from the 4th day of March, 1879, until his death, which occurred in this city, after a very brief illness, on the 29th day of June, 1882.

As a Representative in Congress Major HAWK won not only the sympathy but the respect and confidence of his associates and fellow-members. On his entrance here as a member of this body he was an inexperienced legislator. But feeling the full force of the responsibilities resting upon him, he at once addressed himself to his public duties with an earnest desire to discharge them intelligently and faithfully. And those of us, Mr. Speaker, who served with him and who knew him during his service in Congress will well remember how punctually he took his seat, and how faithfully he observed the proceedings of the House during its sessions.

As his colleague and friend I was brought in almost daily association with Major HAWK, and I can bear testimony to the conscientious, able, and faithful manner in which he served his constituents and the country. He was an honorable, upright, useful member of this House, and during all his service here he brought no reproach upon his good name, nor did he bring any upon his constituents who had honored him with their confidence.

The death of Major HAWK, Mr. Speaker, was so sudden and unexpected as to be a shock to us all. He had but just returned from a contest in the new district in which he had been placed by the legislature of our State. And having carried every county in the district, and being assured of a nomination and election as a member of the Forty-eighth Congress, he was in good spirits and looking remarkably well. But surely Death hath all seasons for his own. And in the flush of a great triumph, and after an illness

of but a few hours, that noble, manly form, that strong, robust man, was silent in death. And the hearts of all of us who had seen him from day to day as he came into and went out of this Hall were filled with sorrow.

Mr. Speaker, Major HAWK was a high-minded and honorable man. He had a noble, manly, generous nature. He was just and true in all the relations of life; and in his death we have lost a faithful Representative, and the country a good citizen and a sterling patriot.

## Address of Mr. CARPENTER, of Iowa.

Mr. SPEAKER: Major ROBERT M. A. HAWK was one of nature's noblemen. He was a large-framed, large-brained, large-hearted man. In peace he was a patriotic, public-spirited citizen; in war he was an intrepid, self-denying soldier. He illustrated in his private life and in his public career the best type of American manhood. It was my good fortune to know him well, and I hope I am the better man for having known him. On coming to Washington as a new member at the opening of the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress it so happened that I made my home at the same house with Major HAWK. I soon made his acquaintance, and very soon came to appreciate his worth. At the close of the daily sessions I would frequently linger and walk with him to the horse-cars on the way to our temporary home. As he had lost a leg at the battle of Bentonville, and as the amputation had left but a short stump, and of a character that would never admit of his wearing a cork leg, he necessarily in walking carried a cane in one hand, and in the other a sort of substitute for the missing limb improvised for his special use, and which had to be held constantly to its place. This employment of both hands, added to the disadvantage of his large physical frame, rendered walking to him a slow and difficult process. He frequently, therefore, in the delicate sensibility of his nature, more than half remonstrated with me for lingering after the day's adjournment to keep him company to our home.

But as I turned the conversation upon some other subject and

walked along with him, on more than one occasion, in the *abandon* of familiar conversation, he opened to me the windows of his soul, so that I think I can estimate the unselfishness, the generosity, and the purity of the man. We talked of the war, of its incidents, of the men of that stirring period, and of the men and measures of to-day. I have said that I hoped I was the better man for my short association with him. His example was more than a sermon. Notwithstanding he had been sadly maimed in the service of his country and knew that all the residue of his days, whether few or many, must be clouded with his painful loss, yet I never heard him speak an unkind word of man or men or utter a syllable of regret for any service he had made in the line of a patriot's duty.

No more than a fortnight before his death, while riding at his side from the Capitol, the death of Major Farr, of New Hampshire (who had lost an arm in the war), was mentioned, when he remarked that the men who had the misfortune to lose limbs in the great rebellion were fast passing away. And he went on to say that it had been estimated that persons thus wounded did not, on an average, live to be more than from 40 to 45 years old; and then he said, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, that the Great Harvester would doubtless reach out his sickle for him before many years. It was not more than two or three weeks after this conversation that, upon returning to my rooms after a day spent at the Capitol, my wife said to me, "Do you know that Major HAWK is sick?" I replied that I did not; and I thought it hardly possible, as I had seen him but the evening before, and he had seemed in perfect health. But she said, "He was taken sick this morning, and the doctor has called to see him two or three times during the day, and seems to be concerned about him." I went immediately to his room, and taking him by the hand, said, "Major, I have just learned that you were sick." He replied, falteringly, "Carpenter, I am very sick."

In a moment he signified by a sign that he wanted to be raised up. The doctor and attending friend raised him upright, and pillows were disposed so that he could recline upon them; but this had scarcely been done before he wanted them removed, and after lying down was for a moment in great agony; then said: "If I was turned upon my side I believe I could go to sleep." At the

request of the doctor the gentleman who had been with him during the day ran for another physician, and I hastened to another part of the house for a restorative; was back in two minutes, but in less than five minutes from my return, and before the consulting physician had arrived, all was over.

Thus ended the earthly existence of Major HAWK. He was in the prime of life, if we count life by its years; but counting it by what he had done for his country, his family, and the world, he had lived longer than many of us who survive him. The very day after his death a convention assembled in his district to nominate a candidate for the Forty-eighth Congress. If I remember rightly every delegation had been instructed for Major HAWK except from a single county. So he died at the high-noon of life and on the field of triumph. He died mourned by a grateful constituency, and by comrades who had touched elbows with him where heroes stood shoulder to shoulder. I cannot better emphasize his military history than by making one or two brief extracts from letters written by officers of his regiment. First, from his commanding officer. He says:

R. M. A. HAWK enlisted as a private at Lanark, Illinois, in August, 1862, and was elected a second lieutenant, and mustered as such September 4, 1862, the company becoming Company C, Ninety-second Illinois Infantry.

He was promoted to a captaincy at Danville, Kentucky, January 21, 1863, and served with that rank until the close of the war, always on duty, willing, painstaking, intelligent; cool and courageous in the performance of every duty, in camp, upon the march, and upon the battle-field; endearing himself by his manly, noble, and soldierly qualities to his commanding officers, his associates, and the men under his command. As his immediate commanding officer, I soon learned to rely upon him with implicit confidence that ripened into personal friendship; and I often gave him commands on special occasions when I required an officer of his rank at important outposts or for dangerous scouting duty. He was so modest that he always distrusted his own ability, never seeking any special commands, but was so true and faithful that I often imposed upon him dangerous duties out of his turn. And he met every duty with quiet dignity and admirable courage and judgment; faithful and steadfast as was possible for the bravest soldier.

From the letter of another officer of his regiment I venture to pluck one or two laurel wreaths to decorate his new-made grave.

After speaking of his personal sorrow upon learning of his death, he says:

> I first met Major HAWK at Camp Fuller, Rockford. His fine personal appearance on dress-parade attracted my attention. In height over six feet, straight as an arrow, and clad in his bright uniform of blue, he looked every inch the grand soldier he afterward became.

The writer then relates the fact that they became friends; and for three years, on the march, in the bivouac, and in the terrible ordeal of battle, whenever and wherever tested, the manliness of his nature and the strength of his character became more and more apparent.

Finally, when the last fiery trial of his military life came to him, this officer stood by his side. I will relate it in his own words:

> When he fell so terribly wounded in our last battle, an armistice occurring between the two armies, I followed him to Raleigh, North Carolina, and stood by him during his terrible suffering. The surgeons when about to amputate his limb told him he might not survive the operation, and if he wished to say anything he had better do so. He then looked up at me and said: "Major, I wish to whisper to you." I drew close beside his couch, leaned over my head, and he whispered in my ear these words: "If I die, tell my folks at home I was proud to give my life for my country; I was proud to die for the old flag. And then should they ask about my spiritual welfare, say to them that death had no terrors for me; that I was prepared to die." He then looked at the surgeons and spoke to them as calmly and coolly as when on dress-parade, saying: "Gentlemen, proceed; I am ready."

Such was Major HAWK as a citizen soldier. What he was as a Congressman you, Mr. Speaker, well know. He sat so near the Speaker's chair that when present he could not be unobserved by you; and, sir, you seldom saw his seat vacant. He was as faithful to the great trust which the people of the fifth district of Illinois had imposed upon him as he was to his duty when on picket in the forests of Georgia, under regulations that affixed the penalty of death to the crime of sleeping on his post. But I need not enlarge. We all know with what discriminating judgment and conscientious fidelity he discharged his duties here.

He, however, was more than a soldier, he was more than a clerk of courts, he was more than a Congressman; in every element of his nature he was a man. He was an honest, sincere, clean-handed,

white-souled citizen. He was a kind and obliging neighbor. He was the faithful husband of a loving wife. He was the generous father of adoring children. In the companionship of his household he was the equal, the friend, and the confidant of every member of his family, from the wife to the five-year-old boy that ran laughing to meet him as he returned from his daily duties. Need I say more? If there be life beyond the grave, and character here is an earnest of character and condition there, then those who knew ROBERT M. A. HAWK need no assurance that when he stepped from this hall into the shadowy realm the door swung wide upon its hinges for his admission to a mansion not made with hands.

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## Address of Mr. CURTIN, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: The story of the life of our dead colleague has been faithfully told, and in the few remarks I have to make I shall not attempt to repeat it.

I learned to know Major HAWK early on my first entrance into this Hall as a member and knew him well and was honored by his friendship. It would be false to his memory if I were to attempt to exalt him into a great orator or statesman or philosopher. Much better and more useful in all the avocations of life, he was an honest, pure-minded, upright man of broad common sense and gentle, kind nature.

I am quite sure it is proper for me to refer to one circumstance in his official conduct which illustrates his unselfishness and his delicate estimate of propriety when he had a personal interest in the result of his action. When the committee of which I was a member had under consideration the bill introduced into this House, and to the honor of its members passed unanimously, to give a pension of $40 a month to those who had lost an arm or a leg in the military service in the late unhappy civil war Major HAWK refused to vote. I tried to persuade him that he was quite too sensitive; but, offering as a reason that it would add to his income $200 a year, he refused. And that bill was carried through the committee and reported to this House in his absence.

It was a pleasant exhibition here, which we have just had given us [referring to the remarks of Mr. Wheeler] from a gallant soldier below the line, who has just paid a tribute so beautiful and truthful to the memory of our late colleague, supplemented by the eulogy of his commander (General Rosecrans), soldiers who were enemies and now in friendship paying the homage of respect soldiers justly feel for the martial virtues. The history of his life and his services, the exhibition of the purity of his character is creditable to his colleagues and his friends and has been fitly spoken.

His attachment to his family, and the sorrow of that home circle, is a subject quite too sacred for the formal demonstration on this occasion. . There we should not enter. God struck the husband and father and God will pour balsam and balm into the wounds he has inflicted on the bereaved family, and nothing that can be said here can in the least relieve their deep sorrow.

It is for mortal man to die, as we have been frequently reminded during this Congress. It is for those who live to so discharge their duties, personal and relative, that when they die their memory will be preserved. When a good man dies there is a void in society, an aching void which it seems impossible to fill. But when a man dies who has failed to fulfill his duties to man and his country and those who surrounded him in life there is but a modicum of regret at his departure, and he is soon forgotten. But whether high or low, whether statesman or peasant, whether rich or poor, the man is to be most remembered who patiently works in his allotted sphere and faithfully discharges his duty.

I found Major HAWK to be man of that kind, and this House properly honors the memory of a Representative who was honest and faithful and true in all the relations of life; who had strong convictions and pursued them; who had the courage to perform his duty and follow the right, and well he knew what was the right. Over his grave, from short acquaintance with him, I desire to express sorrow at his death and gratification that his memory is to be embalmed, as we are told, in the community where he lived and by a constituency he faithfully served on this floor.

I say that we have been called often in this Congress to mourn the dead taken from this Chamber, so many during these short two

years, men of long, useful, public service, and some who had scarcely reached the meridian of life. Who can tell when the portals of this Hall shall again open to the great destroyer who may enter and seize another victim? Who knows who that victim will be, whether old or young, whom we may be called upon again to mourn and pay these formal fitting ceremonies? When that time shall come I trust that over the dead body of another member of this House it may be said, he died an honest man, the noblest work of God, a sentiment never too old to be repeated.

Mr. Speaker, all humanity is made of one family—the living and the dead. Those who go before us shed their benefactions upon us by their good works. If they have worked patiently in their allotment, if they have discharged their duties, personal and relative, if they have dealt honestly with their fellow-men, if they have sustained and supported the Government of their country as did our dead colleague in its dark hours of distress and necessity, and have acknowledged their allegiance to Almighty God, they will shed their benefactions upon us.

When we have filled our allotted time and the destroyer comes to us, may it be said that we have so discharged our duties that when we are gone we will leave something that posterity may imitate. That is all of life; it is all of death; it is all of humanity. Well did Major HAWK fulfill his duties and leave to his family the priceless legacy of a useful and blameless life.

I render this brief tribute to his memory; a generous, kind-hearted, upright man. He was maimed in the service of his country and day and night he suffered constant pain, which he bore with the fortitude of a soldier and resignation of a Christian. To his memory as a soldier, as a member of this House, and higher and holier emotion of the heart, to his memory I yield the homage of my respect, because he was my friend.

## Address of Mr. WHEELER, of Alabama.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomps of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"People of Illinois, allow me to plant the rose and the laurel upon the grave of your departed dead."

Mr. SPEAKER: When a few hours ago I was honored by the gentlemen of the Illinois delegation with an invitation to participate in these mournful ceremonies I felt embarrassed, for the reason that I apprehended that without preparation I would be unequal to the task. This reflection inspired me with reluctance to assume so prominent an attitude. But when I recalled the shock which I felt when I heard of the death of our lamented friend, and the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance, which though brief was of the most pleasant character, I could not hesitate in my reply.

In December, 1881, when the Forty-seventh Congress assembled in this hall, a manly, commanding form could be seen in the row of seats directly in front of the Speaker's desk. There was much in his appearance to attract attention. Ever at his post of duty, he carried with him a sad reminder of the past which he could not conceal—the evidence of heroic service, the badge of honor won on the field of battle.

But now we miss him in his wonted place,
And search in vain for that congenial face.

Mr. Speaker, there is an overwhelming sadness in the contemplation of the image of a dead friend, whom we can see in all the vividness of reality, as he lived and moved in our midst, while we know certainly that he has gone away from us forever, that we shall meet him never again upon this earth. But in the language of the sacred writer—

"Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

And in these touching lines we are reminded that nowhere is there exemption from the inevitable decree:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

By the providence of God it is so ordered that time gradually throws the veil of oblivion over melancholy memories, while it opens up in dewy freshness all the joyous recollections of the past. So the wounded soldier whose virtues we commemorate to-day, forgetting the gloomy sufferings and agonies of war, cherished only the flower-crowned memories of the march, the bivouac, and the battle.

I hold in my hand a history of the regiment in which Major HAWK was one of the highest officers, and certainly one of its leading spirits. My hurried perusal of this volume shows that our late compeer was one of the brave men who led the front in that almost continuous battle from the Ohio through Kentucky, from the Cumberland through Tennessee, and from the Tennessee through Georgia to the Atlantic Ocean.

With the gallant Rosecrans he breasted the storm of death at Murfreesborough and under the same intrepid commander led the van in the historic conflict at Chickamauga.

His troops were part of the surging line which charged with such desperation on that bright sunny morning at Kenesaw.

He was in the terrible onslaught at Atlanta, and in the leading column in the march preceding the battle at Jonesborough. In that engagement he fought with unusual bravery, and in the march to the sea, fighting at every step, he earned the commendation of General Sherman, his distinguished commander.

At Macon, Buckhead Church, Waynesborough, Aiken, Averysborough, and on hundreds of other fields, towered the portly form of him who was so lately with us in this hall; and with the sound of victory upon his ears he fell wounded in one of the last battles of his gallant chieftain, the present honored commander of our Army.

Much that I read in this work I heard from Major HAWK's

own lips, who, on our first meeting, spoke of me as one who had often been very near him during the conflicts to which I have referred—on opposite sides, of course, but still near each other on American fields of battle—and this very fact seemed to awaken our mutual sympathies and tended gently but surely to draw us together into cordial relations.

Let no man doubt the real cause of this almost instantaneous cordiality. It is this: We had in fact *never been enemies*. The word enemy is not the word to use in reference to our differences of position. We had simply been arrayed in opposing attitudes. Between the individual people of the North and the South there was no real enmity. Let the historian, the philospher, the statesman, while he pauses with amazement and admiration, as he contemplates these great lately-contending hosts laying down their arms and assuming so readily and even gracefully the most friendly relations, find his answer here: There had been no real enmity between these warring peoples.

Our war has no parallel in military literature. It is unlike all other wars in many of its leading features.

The most sanguinary of the English wars comes down to us in history under the softest and sweetest of names. It is called the War of the Roses. Under that gentle and poetic designation lie concealed the hideous features of a strife the most ferocious of any in the annals of modern warfare, waged as it was by brothers and kinsmen. It was, nevertheless, so wholly unlike our war that the distinguishing characteristics of the two may be profitably contemplated, contrasted, and studied.

That too, it is true, was a civil war, a war rendered the more terrific by the personal hostility of the combatants, for into that war entered all the fiercer and darker passions of the human heart, envy, jealousy, hatred, malevolence, malignity, and revenge, the most aspiring pretensions and the most inordinate ambitions, all prompted and urged by the family pride of the nobility and the autocratic prerogatives of royalty.

It was a war waged for nobility, the nobility of persons where titles and place, manors and earldoms, crowns and kingdoms were the stakes; where the result was the tyrannical dominance of family

on the one side and individual extermination on the other. While titles and crowns awaited the victors, the frowning executioner stood hard by with his keen ax, eager and anxious to chop off the heads of the vanquished.

Let us contrast this picture of war for a single moment with this more recent one of ours.

Our civil war, while it was one of the most sanguinary and terrific that ever employed the arm of the soldier or engaged the pen of the historian, was at the same time one of the most singular and remarkable ever recorded, in this one distinctive characteristic: that as between the soldiers who met and fought each other so desperately there was not and never had been, and from the nature of things never could be, any individual personal hostility, none of that despicable feeling known as hatred. No revenge, no ambition, no malice, no blood-thirstiness. They had marched and fought and triumphed under the same flag for nearly a century. They had seen their population grow from three to forty millions, and their territories expand from ocean to ocean. Hence, this war of ours did not arouse nor engage nor stir up the dark and fierce passions of the human heart. We met and fought, not in a spirit of anger, but in the fulfillment of duty.

It was a war built upon abstractions; not made nor sought nor wished for by the people at large, but rendered inevitable by extraordinary circumstances and by the irreconcilable conflict of opinions. Hence, when this people met each other face to face as foes in war they were amazed, perplexed, and confounded at the most unnatural aspect, and felt in their hearts more reluctance than hostility, more regret than revenge, more sorrow than anger.

In such a war the savage instincts of ferocity could have no place, and hence upon the close of such a war there could be no revenges to gratify. Hence, also, the instantaneous national reconciliation which so puzzles mankind in the outside world is but the natural result of the reunion of that sentiment (broken but for a moment) which is the real characteristic of American civilization, that is, the design to work out the problem of human liberty and to establish the rights of man by the unity of labor, the unity of mind, and the union of the States.

People of Illinois, allow me to plant the rose and the laurel upon the grave of your departed hero, a soldier brave and determined in war, a citizen loved and respected by all who knew him, and a servant to his people, faithful to every duty. Paladin of an hundred battles, yet the pride and pomp and triumphs of war had not so carried him away as to make him lose sight of the humbler callings of good citizenship; and consequently we see in his career in civil life the same unerring integrity that carried him successfully through the war marking his demeanor as the industrious official, ever at the post of labor, thus commanding confidence and trust and assuring success amid the plaudits of his fellow-citizens, eminently exemplifying Pope's often quoted but most true words:

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

The SPEAKER. The question is upon the adoption of the resolutions which have been submitted.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously; and accordingly the House adjourned.

# PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE, *June* 30, 1882.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House from the State of Illinois, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

*Resolved by the House of Representatives* (*the Senate concurring herein*), That a special joint committee of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral, and to escort the remains of the deceased to their last resting-place, and that all necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the House communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

*Ordered*, That Mr. George R. Davis, Mr. L. E. Payson, Mr. S. W. Moulton, Mr. W. H. Calkins, Mr. G. C. Cabell, Mr. J. A. McKenzie, and Mr. W. Cullen be members on the part of the House.

Mr. LOGAN. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has received with profound sensibility the message of the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, a Representative from the State of Illinois.

*Resolved*, That the Senate concur in the resolutions adopted by the House of Representatives, and that the President *pro tempore* of the Senate appoint three Senators to escort the remains of the deceased in conjunction with the committee on the part of the House, as provided in said resolutions.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions. [Putting the question.] The resolutions are unanimously adopted. The Chair appoints the Senator from Illinois [Mr. LOGAN], the Senator from Iowa [Mr. McDILL], and the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. GEORGE], as the committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. LOGAN. Out of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

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IN THE SENATE, *February* 6, 1883.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

*Resolved*, That this House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House from the State of Illinois.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect for his memory the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Clerk of the House to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall adjourn.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. LOGAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Chair.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow and regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Illinois, and tenders to the family and kindred of the deceased assurances of sympathy in their sad bereavement.

*Resolved*, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that opportunity may be given for appropriate tribute to the memory of the deceased and to his public services and private virtues; and that, as a further mark of respect, the Senate at the conclusion of such remarks shall adjourn.

## Address of Mr. LOGAN, of Illinois.

Mr. President, ROBERT MAFFITT ALLISON HAWK was born on a farm two miles and a half east of Greenfield, Hancock County, Indiana, April 23, 1839. He was the son of William Henry and Hannah (Maffitt) Hawk. The parents were both natives of Abingdon, Washington County, Virginia, the mother being of Scotch-Irish extraction. The father was born December 2, 1809, the son of Andrew and Mary (Myers) Hawk, and resided with his parents, working on a farm and obtaining such limited education as the schools of the day afforded. While not attending school he was put to work at the trade of his father, that of house-joiner. In 1836, November 10, he was united in marriage to Hannah Maffitt, daughter of Captain John and Isabella (Davis) Maffitt. He was a captain and Indian fighter in his time, as was his father, who was killed at the battle of the Great Kanawha. He was a man of influence, a Baptist in religious belief, and politically a great admirer and follower of Thomas H. Benton.

He removed about the year 1837 to Hancock County, Indiana, where Robert and his two brothers were born. Here they resided for about seven years, until October 30, 1843, when the mother died, leaving three small children. The following year the father removed to Freedom, Carroll County, Illinois, and married for his second wife Margaret E. Davis. The three children, who had been left at their native home, were brought to the new home in 1846, then quite an uninhabited place. The father carried on the farm, and at times worked at his trade of house-joiner. Both the father and step-mother are now living in the same town in which they first settled in Illinois.

Prior to the year 1856 Major HAWK had received only a common-school education. In that year he was placed at a private and select school for the purpose of being prepared for college. While he was but 16 years old he was an instructor in a common school in his neighborhood. He was always favorably known among his playmates and classmates, being of good temper and

having a fine disposition. He was industrious and was a close student, and when not at work upon the farm his books were his companions.

In September, 1861, he entered Eureka College, at Eureka, Woodford County, Illinois; there he remained for about four months. The late rebellion having broken out, and while at home on a vacation from college, he enlisted in a company which was being raised by Mr. Stoffer at Mount Carroll, near his home, which company became a part of the Ninety-second Illinois Regiment, at Rockford, Illinois, and on the 2d of September of the same year he was selected a first lieutenant, and from that time continued with his company in all its marches and battles. He marched through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, and was made captain January 21, 1863. In July, 1863, the regiment was detached from Granger's Corps to Wilder's Mounted Infantry.

Captain HAWK showed marked ability, activity, and courage in the operations of his command at the battle of Chattanooga; he did gallant service also at the battles of Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga. Being at the headquarters of General ROSECRANS, he performed the duty of carrying dispatches to all parts of the field of Chickamauga.

He continued detached with his company from his command until the 4th of December, 1863, when he was ordered to rejoin his regiment.

In the year 1864 he was with his command and was engaged in several actions at Nicojack, Lovejoy, Jonesborough, and Powder River.

On November 4, 1864, the division was reorganized and the Ninety-second became part of the second brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalary.

In what is known as "Sherman's march to the sea" Captain HAWK'S company rendered very great service as part of the rear guard at Waynesborough, where he was engaged in hard fighting, losing seventeen of his men. He was also engaged in a severe action at or near Aiken, South Carolina, losing twenty-six men.

On the 12th of April, 1865, following and pressing the enemy

in marching from Raleigh to Swift Creek, the bridge was destroyed by the enemy, who held the opposite side of the creek. When the bridge was captured the Ninety-second Regiment crossed, and Captain HAWK and his company were in the advance pushing the enemy and making a gallant fight against a very stubborn resistance, when he fell, receiving a minie-ball, giving him a severe and almost mortal wound, from the effect of which he lost his right leg between the knee and hip-joint. He lay for a long time in hospital, but was at last taken home by his father. He was in a very feeble condition for many months. He was brevetted major on the 10th of May, 1866, to rank from January 20, 1865. The greatest compliment that can be paid to a soldier is to say of him what I now say of Major HAWK, "He was a brave, intelligent, and gallant soldier."

While lying in bed, weak and feeble from his severe wound, he was married to Miss Mary G. Clark, an estimable young lady, now his widow, to whom he was engaged prior to entering the Army.

In the fall of 1865 the people elected him county clerk, also in 1869, 1873, and 1877, the duties of which office he performed during these many years with marked ability and fidelity. On account of his ability and his pleasant intercourse with the people, in November, 1878, he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress, and again to the Forty-seventh Congress, November, 1880. He became an earnest Republican at the breaking out of the rebellion and remained so up to his death.

As a Representative in Congress he made an honest and faithful member, at all times doing his duty patriotically and well. Had he lived his career as a member of Congress would have been one of honor and glory.

Major HAWK was a man beloved by all his neighbors and friends. He was a kind and considerate husband, and a generous and loving parent, a man of intellectual strength and good judgment, of rare business qualifications, calculated to be successful in whatever he might undertake. While here in Washington attending to his duties as a member of Congress, on the 29th of June, 1882, at 812 Twelfth street, he died suddenly of apoplexy.

His attack was so sudden that few knew of his sickness. A physician had been called in. The rooms occupied by myself being

immediately above his, I was notified of his illness. Upon repairing to his rooms I found him quite sick. The physician and some other persons were by his bedside. I returned to my room for some purpose or other, when, on returning again to his rooms, in probably less than three minutes from the time I left him, I found him in a dying condition. I notified the physician, who was standing, apparently preparing some medicine, that the major was dying. He turned and looked at him apparently very much surprised. Just at this moment Major HAWK breathed his last.

At his death none of his family were present. I immediately informed them by telegraph, at the same time stating to them that his remains would be taken to his home. His remains were properly cared for by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House and friends, and on the next day, in the evening, with a committee from both Houses of Congress, we accompanied his remains to Mount Carroll, in Carroll County, Illinois, and there placed them in charge of his loving wife, family, and friends. The immense throng that assembled there on that day to take a last look at their friend and Representative gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by all the people in that populous community.

The committee of Congress accompanied the remains of Major HAWK to his final resting-place. He was buried in a beautiful cemetery on a high hill near Mount Carroll, with Christian rites and Masonic honors. Major HAWK was a member of the Christian Church and believed fully in a life beyond the grave. No one outside of his immediate family mourns his loss more than myself. No better or purer man has it been my good fortune to know.

## Address of Mr. HAMPTON, of South Carolina.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It was only as these resolutions which have just been read from your desk were brought into this Chamber that you, sir, and your distinguished colleague asked me to say a few words of tribute to the memory of the gallant soldier and upright Repre-

sentative whose loss your State deplores. I regret exceedingly that I have not had longer notice of this, for then I should have discharged this melancholy duty with more satisfaction to the State that honored him and to myself.

The two earliest meetings between Major HAWK and myself were under peculiar circumstances. We met first amid the roar of battle, and neither of us knew the other. Years afterward, when he was placed in the other House, a fitting and honored Representative of the State of Illinois, I was sent to represent the State of South Carolina in this Chamber, and coming here crippled as he was, in walking up these steps one day, I met him, not knowing him, a man of commanding presence and of fine face, and drawn to him by the common sympathy of a common affliction I ventured to speak to him.

We fell into conversation; and after a few moments he said to me, without one feeling of resentment and with a kind smile on his manly face, "I lost my leg in an attack that General Hampton made upon our camp." That was another bond of sympathy between us; and I am glad to say that during the brief time that he was spared the intercourse between us was that not of foemen but of friends. I learned to regard him then as a man of high character, of sterling integrity, and of the very highest soldierly qualities, and it taught me this lesson, a lesson that cannot be impressed too often and too solemnly upon this country: that we are all now citizens of a common country, for the men who had fought, who had met in battle, and one of whom had been rendered a cripple for life, met his old foeman as a friend, and that old foeman now feelingly pays this tribute to his memory. And, sir, I feel assured that the humble flower that I shall venture to lay upon his tomb will not be valued less because it comes from one who had been his foe, but who now mourns him as a friend.

## Address of Mr. GEORGE, of Mississippi.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I did not know Mr. HAWK. I never met him. It was my melancholy duty, in compliance with the wishes of this body expressed by the Chair, to accompany his remains to his home, to convey to his family and his friends the respect which the Senate of the United States had for his memory.

I was very much struck by what I saw and what I heard at the village of Mount Carroll, at which the deceased had lived. On the day that we arrived there the whole population of that village, of all ages and of all sexes and of all conditions, turned out to show their respect for the memory of the deceased and to give their testimony, silent yet potent, to his worth. His remains were taken to the dwelling from which I learned that less than a week before we carried him back a lifeless corpse he had left in full health and vigor for this city to discharge his duties as a member of Congress.

That community gathered around that dwelling. It was my fortune, with other members of the committee, to be so placed for about two hours, during which we were detained at his dwelling, as to enable us to see, to survey, and to scrutinize the faces of the very large crowd which had assembled to pay their respect to his memory. It was a curious study to me, situated as I was, to look on that large crowd, without seats, standing, waiting, on that hot July day, for the opportunity which was extended to all to pass through his dwelling and take a last look at his lifeless form.

The ceremony, as I remarked, consumed at least two hours; yet in all that time, with that crowd uncomfortably standing in the hot sun, I saw no impatience, no restlessness, no sign of frivolity or eager curiosity. I saw only engraven upon the faces of all the men and women and children who were present the signs of the deepest melancholy and sorrow for the loss they had sustained in the death of Major HAWK.

I moralized, Mr. President, in this way over that scene, that here was a man who had lived in that community from his youth up; had served them in a county office—I believe county clerk—

for a number of years; was a member of one of the fraternities, the Masonic fraternity; was a member of one of the churches; was an active participant in the discharge of all public and private duties, and after a long service at home had been called by that community and others in the same vicinity to a higher sphere, and that all this service had but the more endeared him to the people who knew him best. He had served that community and his district here for several years. His service had been so acceptable that at the date of his untimely death he had either been renominated or his renomination was assured for a seat in the next Congress.

I learned this from the way that his neighbors behaved, the way they looked, and the way they expressed themselves when they talked at all; that they regarded him as their friend; that in all that he had done in private life, in all that he had done in more humble positions to which they had called him, and in all that he had done in the higher and more elevated position to which they in common with their fellow-citizens in that Congressional district had called him, he had so acted as to impress upon them that he was indeed and in truth their friend.

No higher compliment, no greater honor can ever be conferred upon a public servant than the recognition, as these people did recognize, that their servant in all his acts was their friend. They gave this testimony. And if I might moralize now, I would say to my brother Senators as we are hastening to the same tomb, when our earthly career closes if we shall have been fortunate enough to have done like him, to have won from those whom we tried to serve the endearing epithet of friend, we shall have done well.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Logan].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

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